Medoseus: A Mythical Tale

By Roger E Bissell Jr

He was half god and half gorgon. His father—believed by some to be Hermes himself—rejected the child at birth. Abandoned in the shadowed caves of the south, Medoseus grew alone.

He was fair of face and form, blessed with a beauty that could disarm even the wary. Like his mother, living serpents crowned his head. His torso was that of a strong young man, but where legs should have been, a powerful serpent's tail coiled beneath him. He could rise to the full height of a man or slither low across the stone, bracing himself on powerful fists so his chest would not scrape the earth. And like her, his gaze could turn living flesh to stone—sometimes by choice, sometimes by the cruel accident of fear.

It is said he ceased aging near the age of twenty-two and may well be immortal. Women came to him in secret, drawn by his gentle charm, his striking face, and the strange, quirky tales he told. Stories that seemed nonsensical at first, yet unfolded later in their dreams, revealing deeper truths.

He never took a mate, neither in public nor in secret. And though many men sought his wisdom, they held no desire for him. When he heard the laughter or footsteps of children drawing near, he would call out in warning: "Leave this place, lest sorrow befall you." He lived in terror of what his gaze might do if he were startled. Deep in his heart, he longed to join their laughter and innocent honesty, free from fear.

He often wrestled with the thought of fathering a child of his own, only for doubt to rise like a tide: *Do you truly wish to curse another with the solitude you have known? Could you keep them fed, safe, and happy? Would such a child ever know true, enduring love?

He loathed the cruel tales told of his mother, taken from him so early in life. To him she had been gorgeous beyond words. In his youth he swore vengeance against the one who beheaded her, but time cooled his rage. He came to understand that death comes for all mortals, and perhaps some blessings hide within tragedy.

What became of this mysterious creature? No one knows for certain. Some say he fled to save his life. Others claim he now rules a quiet corner of the underworld. But those who truly knew him believe he is simply hiding from a world that neither understands nor deserves him. Whatever the truth may be, his cave stands empty still—a silent shrine to deeper thought.

Medoseus: The Unseen Embrace

By Roger E Bissell Jr

A woman knows a sphere that hangs in the air. She does not wonder at it; she simply knows it, as one knows the sun without needing to name it.

Each morning she tends the world in quiet ritual. She cleans the tree that was once chopped in three and propped upright, brushing away every trace of falling bark and forgotten debris. She wipes the steadfast rock until even weariness seems to gather there beside her hands.
And as the day leans heavier into her bones, she feels something unseen take shape around her—like a presence remembering her fatigue. Without understanding why, she floats home, as though the weight of the world has chosen not to follow her.

No face is seen. No voice is heard. Yet her heart fills with a joy too deep for speech, as if she has been carried by something she cannot name.

And so the world shifts—like dreams do when they reveal their meaning only after they have passed.

When the sun rises, a woman's duty calls her back into form. She cleans her home, scrubs the table, and washes clothes in the river until the water remembers her hands. Exhaustion gathers again at her edges, soft and patient. But this time, she understands.

For love, she realizes, is not always a voice or a face. Sometimes it is simply the strength that arrives when her own strength is gone. And when she can no longer carry herself, love comes behind her and lifts her—wordless, unseen, certain.

And when all is done, from behind her, love embraces her. Not as a claim, but as a return. In that quiet moment she understands: true affection does not announce itself. It simply carries what is weary back toward life.

Medoseus: Affection Made Known

By Roger E Bissell Jr

One of the young women who visited Medoseus—no more than twenty years of age—listened to his stories with bright, searching eyes.

“Medoseus,” she asked, “do you trust me? You will need to close your eyes.”

He replied calmly, “Even if I cannot see you, the snakes that crown my head will warn me of danger.”

“Please,” she said softer now, “close your eyes. I must tell you something the others must not hear.”

And so he closed them.

The cave grew quieter. Even the serpents upon his brow stilled and swayed in uncertain patterns, sensing something unfamiliar rather than threatening.

The girl lifted a woven fruit basket—emptied and turned upside down—holding it above her like a playful shield as she stepped closer. The snakes shifted, confused by the motion, weaving in mirrored rhythm as if trying to understand intention.

Medoseus frowned slightly, not in fear, but in confusion.
Then, quickly—like a bird released before thought can catch it—she kissed him.

And she was gone.

The sound of her footsteps faded into the cave’s edge as she fled into the light outside. Medoseus lifted a hand slowly to his lips, as though confirming that something real had just passed through him.

He opened his eyes.

The two other women were already leaving. He could hear their laughter, soft and amused, drifting back like wind through stone.

“I guess he has never been kissed before,” one of them whispered.

The words did not wound him. They simply echoed somewhere deeper, unlocking something older than thought.

For a fleeting breath, the cave dissolved.

And in its place came a memory—his mother leaning over him, her face gentle and certain, pressing a kiss to his forehead as though the world itself could be made safe for a moment.

And in that remembered warmth, Medoseus understood something he had never been taught: that love does not always arrive as meaning.

Sometimes it arrives as touch, and only later becomes understanding.

Medoseus: The Forgotten Son

[Verse 1]
Born of stone and serpent crown,
Half-god, half-curse, cast down.
Fair of face in the southern caves,
Living snakes where his hair should wave.
Man above, serpent below,
Eyes that kill with a frightened glow.
He rises tall or slithers low,
Alone where the ancient waters flow.

[Chorus]
Medoseus, forgotten son,
Carrying the weight of what he's become.
Longing for laughter, fearing the stone,
Hiding his heart in the dark unknown.
Oh Medoseus, beautiful and damned,
Walking between the living and the damned.
The world don't understand,
So he hides his light in the cave again.

[Verse 2]
Women come when the moon is high,
Drawn to the glow in his golden eyes.
Strange little stories he softly tells,
That bloom like secrets in their dreams as well.
No lover's touch, no hand he'll take,
Children's footsteps make his heart break.
"Go away, lest sorrow find you here,"
His voice a warning wrapped in fear.

[Chorus]
Medoseus, forgotten son,
Carrying the weight of what he's become.
Longing for laughter, fearing the stone,
Hiding his heart in the dark unknown.
Oh Medoseus, beautiful and damned,
Walking between the living and the damned.
The world don't understand,
So he hides his light in the cave again.

[Bridge]
He dreams of a child with serpent hair,
Then pushes the vision away in despair.

“Could I keep you safe? Could you know love?”
Mother’s face fades, beheaded by the gods above.
Vengeance cooled like ashes in the wind,
Now he waits for a world that might let him in.

[Final Chorus]
Medoseus... oh forgotten son,
Maybe you’re hiding, maybe you’ve won.
Ruler of shadows or lost on the run,
Your empty cave calls when the day is done.
Medoseus... beautiful and damned,
Still the gentlest monster in the land.
One day they’ll understand...
But ’til then you wait in the cave again.

[Outro]
His cave remains... a shrine to deeper things...
Medoseus...

—

The Song of Medoseus English

[Spoken Intro]
In the quiet dark of the cave... when the silence becomes too heavy...
I sing to myself... so I remember I am still here...

[Verse 1]
How can you save yourself when you are the danger?
How do you endure when hope has left the chamber?
This is not a battle; it was never a battle...
Just endless shadows in a sun-forgotten cavern...

[Chorus]
You wither slowly in the waste of what you are,
It drinks the warmth from anyone who comes too far.
Up on the threshing floor of fading memory,
I still taste the lips that once kissed me...
We hide it deep, or shall I let it burn?
We grew so used to the lonely dark,
Yet still... my heart is ill.

[Verse 2]
So many notes are trapped inside my chest,
Waiting here for someone I'll never truly hold.
Your memory still adorns these weary bones,
Even while it hides the sorrow I've been told.
Even if the whole world were mine to claim,
It would mean nothing... nothing at all.
Every pain still brings these silent tears,
And the wine only dulls the fall...

[Outro]
They say you speak to the beloved in dreams...
Up on the threshing floor where moonlight used to stream...
Let my tears be burned away...
Let them be burned...
Let them be burned...

—

The Song of Medoseus Greek

[Verse 1]
Θέλει να σώσεις, πως να βαστάξεις
It wants you to save yourself, how will you endure?
Στην απελπισία, να ματαιώσω το 'χω
In the hopelessness, I have come to ruin it.
Δεν είναι μάχη, δεν είναι μάχη
It is not a battle, it is not a battle,
Στο σε καλάκτι, σε ένα ηλιόφιλο
In the... obscure, in a sun-lover.

[Chorus]
Σε μαραίνει το χαράμι, το
The waste withers you,
απόμαζίσου πίνει
it drinks from being with you.
πάνω στον αλώνε
Up on the threshing floor,
με κάνα που φυλίνε
with someone who kisses you.
Πάνω τορά, το κρύλαμε
Up now, we hid it,
ήνα κα το κάνω
or shall I do it?
κάνα μαθίζο μένα με
we kept getting used to it,
έτι καρδιάμου νοσ
yet my heart is ill.

[Verse 2]
Ητοσι νοτές μέτσα μου
So many notes inside me,
να σένα να στηβοτάζει
for you, it is waiting,
αλλάσου στόλι καλάμου
but your adornment is good to me,
ματεμανάκρυπάζει
but it hides my sorrow.
Μακάτου με σάτι φάλα
Even if I have the world,
είναι το στολικός
it is the adornment,

κ α ι π ά σ ε π ο ν ε δ ά κ ρ υ α
and every pain brings tears,
μ α τ ο β ι ν ό τ ο ν ο ς
but the wine tones it down.

[Outro]
Υ π ο σ τ ό τ ο σ ο ν α μ ι λ ά σ ι
Supposedly you speak,
τ ο μ ε τ ο ν ό μ ο μ έ ν ο
it is with the beloved,
ά ν α σ τ ο ν α λ ό ν ε
up on the threshing floor,
ν α μ ο υ τ ι ά μ ο υ κ α μ έ ν ο
may my tears be burned...